rance, and al the preparation ouerthrowne.

Iohn Grow this to what aduerſe iſſue it can, I will put it in practiſe: be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thouſand ducates.

Bor. Be you conſtant in the accuſation, and my cunning ſhall not ſhame me.

Iohn I will preſently go learne their day of marriage. *exit.*

Enter Benedicke alone.

Bene. Boy.

Boy Signior.

Bene. In my chamber window lies a booke, bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am here already ſir. *exit.*

Bene. I know that, but I would haue thee hence and here againe. I do much wonder, that one man ſeeing how much another man is a foole, when he dedicates his behauiours to loue, wil after he hath laught at ſuch ſhallow follies in others, becom the argument of his owne ſcorne, by falling in loue, and ſuch a man is Claudio, I haue knowne when there was no muſique with him but the drumme and the fife, and now had he rather heare the taber and the pipe: I haue knowne when he would haue walkt ten mile afoot, to ſee a good armour, and now wil he lie ten nights awake caruing the faſhion of a new dublet: he was woont to ſpeake plaine, and to the purpoſe (like an honeſt man and a ſouldier) and now is he turnd ortography, his words are a very fantaſticall banquet, iuſt ſo many ſtrange diſhes: may I be ſo conuerted and ſee with theſe eies? I cannot tell, I thinke not: I wil not be ſworne but loue may transforme me to an oyſter, but ile take my oath on it, till he haue made and oyſter of me, he ſhall neuer make me ſuch a foole: one woman is faire, yet I am well; an other is wiſe, yet I am well: an other vertuous, yet I am wel: but till all graces be in one woman, one womā ſhal not com in my grace: rich ſhe ſhal be thats certain, wiſe, or ile none, vertuous, or ile neuer cheapen her: faire, or ile neuer looke on her, mild, or come not neare me, noble, or not I for an angell, of good diſcourſe, an excellent muſitian, and her haire

haire ſhall be of what co
monſieur Loue, I wil hid
Enter prince, Leo
Prince Come ſhall w
Claud. Yea my good
As huſht on purpoſe to g
Prince See you where
Claud. O very wel m
Weele fit the kid-foxe w
Enter Ba
Prince Come Balthaſ
Balth. O good my lo
To ſlaunder muſicke an
Prince It is the witne
To put a ſtrange face on
I pray thee ſing, and let m
Balth. Becauſe you ta
Since many a wooer dot
To her he thinkes not wo
Yet will he ſweare he lou
Prince Nay pray thee
Or if thou wilt hold long
Do it in notes.
Balth. Note this befo
Theres not a note of min
Prince Why theſe ar
Note notes forſooth, and
Bene. Now diuine ai
ſtrange that ſheepes gu
dies? well a horne for my

Sigh no more ladies, ſigh
Men were deceiuers euer
One foote in ſea, and one
To one thing conſtant n
Then ſigh not ſo, but let
And be you blith and bo